

NEWS

American Junior Red Cross



MAY • 1961



COVER

| | |
|---|---|
| *The Founding of Jamestown, by William Hutchinson | 1 |
|---|---|

MAYTIME FOR FUN

| | |
|-----------------------------|----|
| *Too Damp for Pockets | 3 |
| *Why, song | 7 |
| *The Dogs of San Saba | 20 |

MAYTIME FOR SERVICE

| | |
|-----------------------------|----|
| *Arithmetic Quiz | 24 |
| *Donkey Boy | 25 |
| Our Cookie Sale | 8 |
| Thousands of Hellos | 13 |
| Morning and Afternoon | 17 |
| The Christmas Train | 18 |
| Safety Award | 24 |

MAYTIME FOR KNOWLEDGE

| | |
|---|----|
| First Aid Facts No. 7 | 6 |
| *Botanic Treasurehouse | 10 |
| *Thanks for Nothing | 14 |
| Be A Safe Swimmer—Take Time to Learn..... | 28 |

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● **Jacks**

The many Junior Red Cross members who put a game of jacks into the gift boxes they make know that jacks is an easy game.

But it is a completely unknown game in many countries to which gift boxes are sent.

Whenever Hawaii Junior Red Cross members include a game of jacks in a gift box, they also put in a small slip of paper that explains in simple, short sentences how jacks is played and shows a picture of the position in which it is played. The explanation is purposely made very simple so that it can be easily translated for boys and girls in other countries.

● **Be Safe While Having Summer Fun**

The surest way to be safe is to use common sense. Here's some for the summer:

- : Know how to swim before you get in or on the water.
- : Always swim with someone, never alone.
- : Check the diving spot for depth and underwater obstructions *before* diving into it.
- : Know what poison ivy and poison oak look like and avoid them.
- : Too many people in a boat means danger for everyone. At least 2/3 of a loaded rowboat or canoe should be above water.

: You can get a bad sunburn even on a cloudy day. Avoid staying too long in the sun anytime.

: Get out of and off the water before the shower hits. And try to get inside a building, *not* under a tree.

Remember *courtesy*, too. A fast ball-tossing on the beach is fine as long as it doesn't wreck the day for others. . . . Keep the papers and apple cores *inside* the car while traveling and put them in trash containers provided for them at parks, restaurants, etc. . . . *Drown* that campfire and pick up the place before you leave.

● **May Days**

- 1st: Child Health Day
- 6th: Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, born in 1856.
- 8th: World Red Cross Day, celebrated on the birthday of Red Cross founder Henri Dunant.
- 12th: Florence Nightingale, founder of modern nursing, born in 1820.
- 13th: First permanent English settlement in America, at Jamestown, Va., 1607.
- 14th: Mother's Day.
- 21st: American Red Cross founded by Clara Barton in 1881.
- 30th: Memorial Day.

Maurice Flagg, *Editor*

IT HAD BEEN THE BEST birthday ever. The candles were blown out, leaving a warm waxy smell. The last bite of pink ice cream had melted. Paper from presents lay scattered on the floor.

"You haven't had my present yet," Grandpop said to the twins.

Ruthie and Joe grinned at each other. Grandpop's presents were always special.

"You'll have to come outdoors with me to find it," their grandfather said, "I couldn't figure out how to wrap this one up in a box tied with ribbon. Your daddy liked it when he was little."

The twins turned to Daddy.

"Is our present something you had when you were a boy? Tell us!" Ruthie begged.

"I'm not going to spoil Grandpop's surprise," Daddy said. "You'll like it, I'm sure. But I warn you. It's something we can't take home with us. It wouldn't exactly fit in our apartment."

Mother laughed. "No, there's no room for it in the city," she agreed. "But you can enjoy it for years and years. Every time we visit Grandpop."

"Wouldn't it fit in our pockets, if we folded it up *small*?" Ruthie asked. "This dress has

enormous pockets. See?" She held up her pink skirt.

Mother and Daddy and Grandpop laughed. But all their grandfather would say was, "Not unless you like your pockets damp."

Damp pockets! What could the present be? Ruthie and Joe gave up guessing. Instead, they pulled Grandpop from his chair. All three walked out of the house and across the lawn.

"Is it far away?" asked Ruthie.

"Over the stone wall, through the orchard, and beyond the beech woods," Grandpop told her. In all their visits to the country the twins had never been farther than the wall. But today Ruthie and Joe were a whole year older.

They climbed over the stone wall. A startled chipmunk scurried into a crack. They walked through the orchard. Each blossoming tree was like a girl in a pink party dress—a pretty girl wearing cologne like Mother's. They walked into the beech woods. Sunshine through the new spring leaves made dancing shadow freckles at their feet.

The path ended at the edge of the woods.

"There's your birthday present," Grandpop said, pointing.

continued on the next page

TOO DAMP FOR POCKETS

By Helen Reeder Cross



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GROUT

At the foot of a little hill lay a round pond. It was like a silver tray set on a grassy cloth. A willow tree dipped its pale green fingers in the pond's water.

"Oh," was all Ruthie could say.

"Is it really our very own?" Joe asked. He and Ruthie looked at each other. A pond seemed a silly sort of present. What could anybody do with a pond? But they remembered their manners.

"It's very pretty," Ruthie said politely.

"Gee, thank you, sir," Joe added.

Grandpop took two slow puffs on his pipe. He said, "I've been saving this pond for you children. Until you were big enough for it. The pond was mine when I was a youngster; then it was your daddy's. Now it's yours. Only, like I said, it's too damp to take home in your pockets. You'll have to visit me real often, to play with your present."

"Play with a pond? How does anybody play with a pond?" Joe asked when Grandpop had gone back to the house.

"It's pretty," Ruthie said. "Only I don't know what to do with it exactly." She walked to the edge of the water. It was clear and shallow. Close up, it looked sky-blue.

Suddenly Ruthie called, "Come look. There are fish in it!"

Joe came running. The water swirled with tiny minnows, flashing silver tails in the sunshine. Joe turned and ran back to the path.

"Where are you going?" Ruthie called.

"To get something to put them in. We're going to catch those minnows," he shouted. When he returned Joe brought a big pail and a wire strainer. All afternoon the twins chased the playful minnows. It was a lively game of tag. Joe even caught a tadpole that had begun to turn into a frog.

"Before we put them back," Joe told Grandpop at suppertime, "we counted them. We caught seventeen minnows."

"And one tadpole," Ruthie added, her eyes shining.



In hot summertime, they poled rafts on their pond.

But soon it was time to go home to the city. The pond *was* too wet for pockets. The twins had to leave it at the foot of its little hill.

Next time they visited Grandpop it was hot summertime. Tiny green apples hung on the orchard trees.

"How's our pond?" asked Joe eagerly.

"It's been just waiting for you children to come," their grandfather told them. "It hopes you brought your swim suits." Of course they had. Who ever goes anywhere in summer without one?

"Only we don't really quite know how to swim," Ruthie said doubtfully.

"Don't worry about that," Grandpop told



In winter they slid down the hill and over the ice.

her. "The pond is too shallow for swimming anyway. You can wade."

So they did. And something more. Floating close to shore the twins found two flat rafts—one red, the other yellow. And leaning against the willow tree were two long poles.

Nobody needed to tell Ruthie and Joe what to do. With whoops of joy Joe jumped on the yellow raft; Ruthie on the red one. All morning long they poled themselves round and round their pond. Sometimes they were Christopher Columbus. Sometimes they were Blackbeard the Pirate. Mother brought them a picnic lunch to eat under the long green fingers on the willow tree.

This time it was harder to leave the country. This time the twins truly wished their birthday pond would fit into their pockets, even though damp.

It was crisp autumn when they came again to visit Grandpop.

"How can we play with our pond in October?" Ruthie wondered. They soon found out.

"You'll find some surprise visitors on your pond," Grandpop told them. "I thought you wouldn't mind sharing it with such a nice family—father, mother, and four babies."

Whatever could Grandpop mean? Ruthie and Joe tumbled over the stone wall and through the orchard. They stopped just long enough to pick two ripe red apples from the trees.

When they reached the top of the hill they saw what their grandfather had meant. The visitors were a wild duck family, on their way south for the winter. Round and round the pond they swam, like toy ducks in a bathtub. All in a neat row behind Papa Duck.

It took all day to do it. But by supertime Ruthie and Joe had made friends with the ducks—with the help of bread crumbs scattered on the water of the pond.

Next morning the duck family had gone. Far away to the southland and its warm winter sun. With their new friends gone, it was easier for the twins to leave their birthday pond this time.

When they came again to visit Grandpop it was the week after Christmas, in coldest winter weather. What fun could they possibly have with their pond now? It seemed best not even to think about the minnows, the rafts, and the duck family.

But Grandpop greeted them with a grin.

"Your pond it waiting for you," he said. "Don't take your snowsuits off. Come with me."

They tumbled over the wall. Today it was a smooth, high snowbank. They tramped

through the orchard snow. The apple trees were white ghosts. They ran through the beech woods. Here winter sunshine shone pale through bare branches. They stopped at the top of the little hill.

Beside the path lay two flying-saucer sleds. The twins had often seen such sleds in toy store windows. But where would city children use them? At the foot of the hill lay their birthday pond. It was white and still with winter ice.

"May we slide?" Ruthie asked eagerly.

"Down the hill and across the ice?" Joe added. "Is it safe?"

"Safe as can be, while this cold weather lasts," Grandpop nodded. "Slide to your hearts' content. Just as I used to do, and your daddy in his turn. That's what a winter pond is for."

So they slid all day long. Down the snowy hillside; then across the slippery ice of the pond. It was the most exciting fun the twins had ever had.

"Better than a ride in a jet plane, I bet," Joe told Grandpop at suppertime. "Or on a roller coaster at the fair."

"The world was all white like fairyland," Ruthie added, as she warmed her hands on a hot cup of cocoa and toasted her feet by the fire.

She and Joe looked at each other with shining eyes. Soon it would be spring again, with new silver minnows to catch in a sieve. Then would come summer with pirate games on the red and yellow rafts. In autumn their duck family was sure to fly back again for a rest on their pond. And next winter, who could tell? Maybe they would learn to ice skate.

Grandpop had been right. Even if a pond was too damp for pockets, it made the best birthday present ever. Their pond meant fun for Ruthie and Joe—for years and years. Some day, when they were grown up and had children of their own, the twins would give the "present too damp for pockets" to the next Ruthie and Joe. ♦



FIRST AID FACTS NO. 7

Cover all wounds with a sterile dressing.

If no sterile dressing such as those illustrated is available, you can take any *clean* cloth and make it nearly sterile by one of three methods:

Iron it . . .

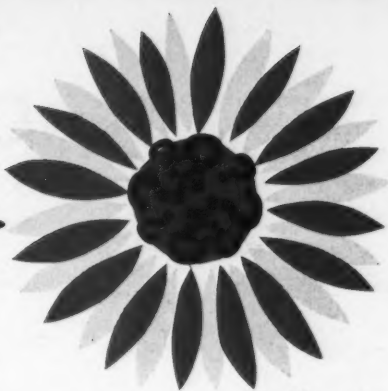
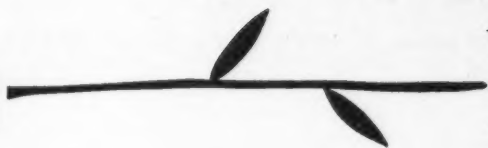
Wash it . . .

Heat it in an oven.

Any one of these methods will make the cloth sterile enough for temporary use.

ART BY TIM EVANS

why



ART BY JIM WHITE, JR.

by Thomasina Weber

Why can't the cat-bird say "Me-ow"? Why can't the dog-fish bark?

Why does the sau-cy mock-ing bird pre-tend that he's a lark? I asked Moth-er

Na-ture, but she shook her head. "Go and ask the dai-sy," was the

on-ly thing she said. "You'll never find out all these things" whis-pered sweet Blue-

bell. "For you know as well as I that dai-sies nev-er tell!"

Our Cookie Sale . . .



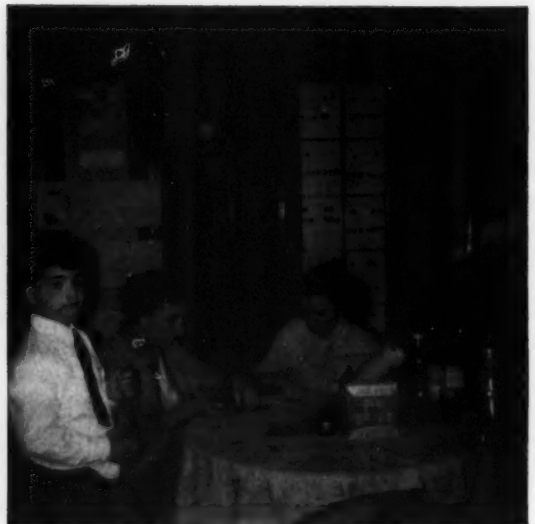
1. We had a cookie sale.



2. Some children sold cold drinks.



5. Michael took the money.



6. Louis and Mrs. Goldstein counted money.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—When the first grade class at P.S. 114 held a cookie sale for Junior Red Cross, they earned \$10.35. They didn't stop with the donation, though. They made

a booklet as a record of their success to show others how it is done. Their pictures and captions below tell the story. You, too, can make a picture record of your own projects.



3. Marie sold chocolate kisses for a penny.



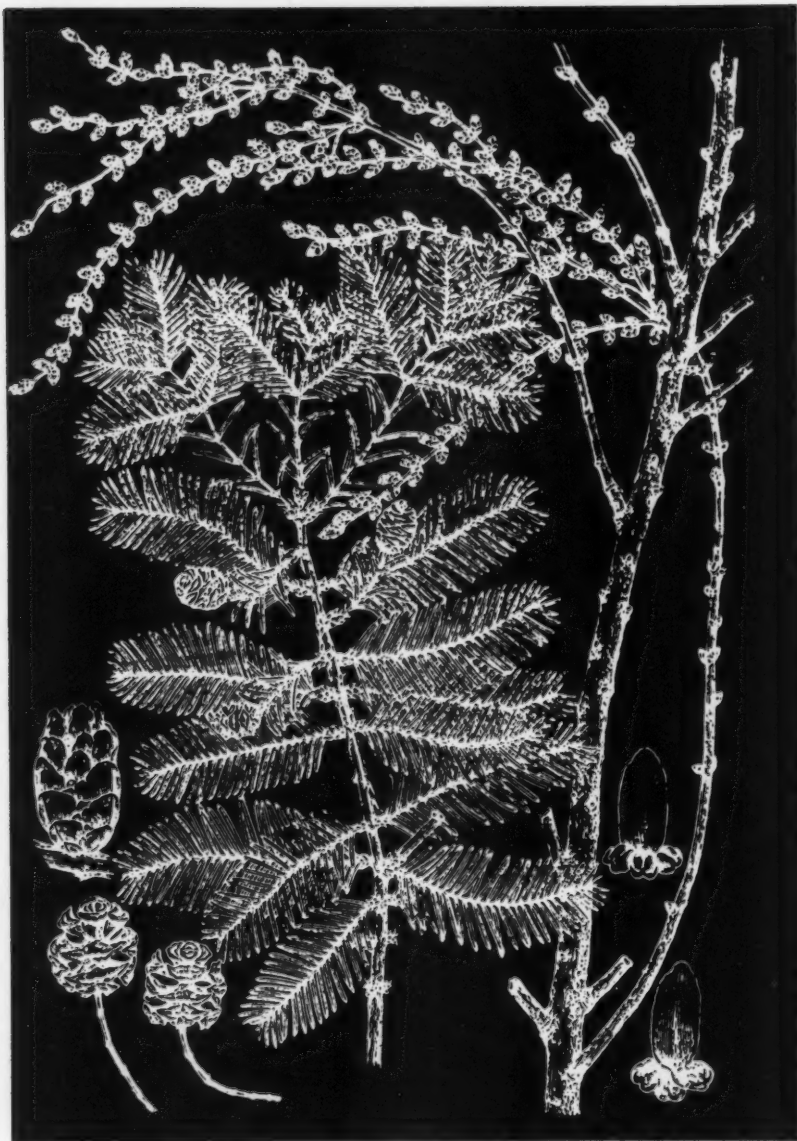
4. We made nurse caps.



7. We look pretty.



8. We had fun.



BOTANIC TREASURE HOUSE

By Will Barker

Botanical characteristics of the *Metasequoia* are shown in this illustration from *The RHS Journal*.

YOU CAN SEE A "LIVING FOSSIL" at a certain spot in the District of Columbia. This is a tree named the Dawn Redwood. It grows at the National Arboretum—where shrubs and trees are grown for scientific and educational purposes. How the Dawn Redwood happens to be there is in itself a special story.

Once the Dawn Redwood was known only

from a description written in the early 1800's. Even then the man who told about the tree had never seen a living specimen. He wrote about this relative of our California Redwoods from fossil findings.

From stonelike bits of twigs and branches and from the impressions of leaves in rocks, he put together the story of the Dawn Red-

wood, or *Metasequoia glyptostroboides*, to give it the name used by scientists. As far as anyone knew, this tree was a part of the paleobotanic record, a member of prehistoric plant and animal communities.

But in 1945, a Mr. T. Wang was traveling through a province in northeast China. Here he saw a single tree that was not familiar to him. As he tilted his head backward to look up at the towering tree, he recalled the written description of the Dawn Redwood. Mr. Wang stood stock still and stared at the tree before him. He was the first man in hundreds of years to see a Dawn Redwood!

A year after Mr. Wang discovered the first known living specimen of this tree, three more were found in central China. Here these trees grow to a height of 90 to 100 feet. And in the fall their bright green foliage changes to a beautiful coppery brown.

Seven years after the discovery of the first living Dawn Redwood, the National Arboretum received seeds of this supposedly extinct tree. The men at the Arboretum planted the seeds, which germinated and grew. In fact they grew so well in their new habitat that today many are 20 feet in height.

The Arboretum in Washington is not old as arboretums go. It was established by an Act of Congress on March 4, 1927. One of its purposes is research with woody plants. Another purpose is to show the public what trees and shrubs can be grown in a climate similar to that of Washington, D.C.

The setting aside of a special place for the cultivation of trees and shrubs for scientific and educational purposes is at least as old as the sixteenth century. An early one that has world-wide fame is Kew Gardens in England.

Similar to Kew Gardens is the Arnold Arboretum, a 265-acre garden shaded by 137 different kinds of maples which was started in 1872, at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

Though the Arnold Arboretum is famous for its collection of maple trees, it has no claim

to fame as far as age is concerned. Bartram's Gardens in Philadelphia, Pa., was founded in 1728—nearly 150 years earlier. These gardens in Philadelphia were established by John Bartram, a pioneer among botanists in North America, in spite of his lack of formal schooling. He made many trips to the Allegheny and Catskill Mountains and to the Carolinas and Florida in search of new plants. In 1728 Bartram bought land along the Schuylkill River for the first botanical garden in the United States. Today it is a part of the park system in Philadelphia. Bartram sent many North American plants to Europe; and he was responsible for getting established here a number of European species. After he died in 1823, his two sons cared for the gardens established by their father.

The Arnold Arboretum, Bartram's Gardens, and other similar areas are all privately owned. But the establishment of the National Arboretum in 1924 created an area owned by all the people of the United States. The task of getting such a spot set aside was not easy. *A History of the National Arboretum* reports:

The story of the Arboretum is the story of a small group of men and women attempting to overcome a mountain of uninterest, inertia, and the perpetual problems of inadequate funds.



Dawn Redwoods growing at National Arboretum.

But this small group of men and women kept on trying. In time \$300,000 was made available for the purchase of the land for a National Arboretum on a high, wooded hill overlooking the Anacostia River. Known as Mount Hamilton, this hill is nearly within the shadow cast by the dome of the Capitol. The location of the Arboretum lets it serve the public in a very real sense, for it is in an intermediate climatic zone. As a result the director and a technical staff can cultivate plants from a wide range of habitats.

The plantings at the Arboretum are arranged in a variety of settings. From the M Street entrance there is a 30-acre garden named the "Synoptic" Garden because it brings together in one place a sampling of all plants at the Arboretum. Other parts of the Arboretum are set aside for plantings of a single species. One such area is devoted to azaleas. Late in April and during most of May all sorts of azaleas bloom. This is also the time when the flowering dogwood, the mountain laurel, and the huge blooms of the elephant-ear magnolia can be seen.

A part of our Arboretum is the Herbarium. This is a collection of 470,000 dried plant specimens. A great many of these plants are of economic importance. During World War II, the Herbarium served our country and countries throughout the world. In 1942 the requests for plant identification received by the Arboretum numbered 28,000. They came from every part of the United States, the allied countries, and most of the areas where the war was being fought. Some of these war-time letters asked about plants that could be used for emergency foods. Others wanted a list of plants that should not be eaten or that were poisonous.

Another section of the Arboretum is called Fern Valley. Here you can learn a lot about ferns because there is a self-guided trail. All along the trail you will find little signs identifying the various fern species.

Still another area at the Arboretum is devoted to plant breeding and selection. A valuable quality of one plant can be transferred to another species by gradual steps. In time a new variety can be assembled. Such a variety often has such practical qualities as resistance to disease or a faster rate of growth. A new variety such as this can mean a great deal to all growers of trees and to the industries concerned with the manufacture of wood products of every kind.

The value of standing trees sold from privately owned lands is nearly \$2,000,000 a year. In the year 1960, the income from our national forests was \$148,212,472. And the value of the goods produced by industries that convert trees into various articles amounts each year to \$20,000,000,000.

These figures show the value of our woods and the products derived from them. Therefore you can see why the work done at the Arboretum is important. But the development of better trees for today, tomorrow, and all time is important also in other ways. Among other things, trees prevent soil erosion and rapid runoff of water after a heavy rain, and provide shelter and protection for wild animals of all kinds.

In addition to being a spot for displaying a curiosity such as the Dawn Redwood, the National Arboretum is a spot at which work is done that helps all of us. ♦

SOLUTION TO QUIZ — PAGE 24

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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Fellman Studio photo

MALDEN, MASS.—Collecting at a central point packed gift boxes from all the classes at Glenwood School are Monette Melanson, Pamela DeGroot, Truman Mann, Katherine Dowst, and Howard Kaufman.

THOUSANDS OF "HELLOS"

This year, thousands of boys and girls all over the country have put together and sent personal "hellos" to other boys and girls around the world. Some of those thousands are shown here hard at work, packing the gift boxes that carry their greeting to others in Europe, Africa, Asia, Latin America, and disaster areas right here in the United States.



DECATUR, ILL.—Jerry Rodgers, Susan Adkins, and Joan Griggs (teacher), Roach School, pack boxes.

Lubitz & Bungarz photo



WILMINGTON, DEL.—Harlan School's Leighton Cohen, Jacquie Fox, Janet Vavala fill comfort bags.

Geoff Cook photo



SAN BRUNO, CALIF.—Rollingwood School students check boxes with the JRC committee representative.

[illegible]

14

FOR NOTHING

By S. A. Rogers

Nothing is something! Many of the important things in your life were made possible by nothing. That nothing is vacuum!

If this sounds preposterous, let's take a look around your home. Perhaps you are reading this by electric light. If the air had not been removed from the bulb, you would do very little reading. The white-hot tungsten filament would soon burn up in the air's oxygen and leave you in the dark. Even light bulbs filled with an inert gas, usually argon plus a small amount of nitrogen, must first have the air pumped out before the gas is introduced.

That television set over there would be impossible but for vacuum. The large picture tube must have a minimum of air in it to give you a good image. In this tube the picture is drawn by a stream of electrons moving back and forth at unbelievably high speed. If the tube were full of air, the electrons would collide with the air molecules, be scattered, and you would have no picture. Every cubic inch of air contains about 500 billion billion molecules. If they were placed side by side, about 16 trillion of the particles could march abreast through the eye of a needle. Today's best vacuum removes all but one out of every million million air molecules in the tube. This still leaves a considerable number, but they are thinned out sufficiently so that most of the electrons get through to draw their pictures for you.

When those electrons begin drawing commercials and you dash to the refrigerator for

a snack raid, vacuum has again helped you. Your refrigerator is no better than its coil in which the refrigerant circulates. The slightest leak would mean a useless refrigerator. To check for holes, the coil is connected to a vacuum pump with a leak detector between. The coil is surrounded with helium gas. The pump creates a vacuum inside the coil. Should there be a leak, helium will be sucked through the hole and then pulled through the leak detector. The detector is so sensitive to helium that it can indicate a hole so small it would take 30 years for a thimbleful of air to get through.

Some of that food in your refrigerator is more nutritious because of vacuum. Canned tomato and orange juices, for example, retain more vitamin C. Vitamin C is rather quickly destroyed by oxygen. All juices, when freshly extracted, contain dissolved air and air bubbles. If the juices are canned in this condition, much of the vitamin C would soon be destroyed by the air's oxygen present in the sealed cans. To prevent this, the juices are passed through a vacuum "de-aerator" which pulls the air out of the juices immediately before canning.

Those convenient potato powders your family may use are dried under vacuum.

Your wristwatch and clocks are better time-keepers because the springs are annealed in vacuum ovens. Formerly, the metal springs were annealed in an oven containing air. The hot oxygen gave the spring a dull oxide coating. Polishing was necessary to remove the

film, but this had a weakening effect. Annealing in vacuum ovens leaves the springs shiny and bright with no polishing required.

Your home will probably have its fair share of objects coated by the vacuum metalizing process. Some of the objects are cabinet hardware, Christmas tree ornaments, fancy wrapping papers, toys, flashlight reflectors, automobile headlight reflectors, and costume jewelry. Plastic or cheap metal can be used for the base in this process. A coat of lacquer provides a smooth surface for the metal layer. After the lacquer coat is baked, the pieces are hung in a large metal chamber. Inside the same chamber are tungsten wires upon which are hung pieces of the metal, usually aluminum, with which the articles are to be coated. The chamber is closed and most of the air is pumped out. Electricity heats the tungsten wires to white hotness. This melts the aluminum, which vaporizes as atoms. With a minimum of air in the chamber, the aluminum atoms travel in a straight line and condense on the objects being metallized. When the metallic layer is a few millionths of an inch thick, it becomes visible as a shiny coating. At this point the metallizing is stopped, and the articles are removed. A final coat of clear lacquer protects the thin metallic surface. A clear, colored lacquer is sometimes used to give metallic color effects.

Your camera gives you better photographs because the lens is coated to make it non-reflective. This is usually done by depositing an extremely thin layer of magnesium fluoride on the lens under vacuum.

Remember that injection of penicillin or streptomycin you or one of your family had? The doctor was sure of the antibiotic's potency because it had been dried under vacuum. Less time and lower temperatures are used in vacuum drying than in drying in the presence of air. This insures that the drug's potency will not be lowered by excessive heat, and that it will remain high over a long period.

Other unstable drugs that protect your health and life, such as blood plasma, serums, antitoxins and vaccines, are frozen and then dried under vacuum without heat. It is the same principle as snow or ice evaporating without melting except that, under vacuum, it is much faster. After the drugs are thoroughly dried, they can be stored at room temperature for long periods of time. One drug manufacturer had developed a new liquid antibiotic, but, unfortunately, it was very unstable and had to be used within 24 hours. This was too short a time for the drug to do its work. The manufacturer solved the problem by resorting to freeze-drying. This extended the useful life of the antibiotic to one year.

Let's hope it is never necessary, but vacuum freeze-drying may save your arm or leg some day. Many severe bone injuries which, in the past, have meant amputation, are now repaired as good as new with human bone preserved by freeze-drying under vacuum. There is no shrinking of the material in freeze-drying, and it permits more rapid reconstitution with water than does drying without freezing.

Whenever you listen to music on your radio, or from a hi-fi set, the vacuum in the tubes is making it possible. If you have ever made a long distance telephone call, you may have marveled at the clearness and loudness of the voice. A tiny electronic repeater tube prevented fading of the voices. But the tube would not work were it not for the vacuum in it.

When you take a lunch with you, or go on a picnic, one of the most important pieces of equipment is the vacuum bottle.

From this to the 24-hour radar watch of the nation's defenses, we depend on the vacuum.

It is true that we never get something for nothing, but we most certainly do get something from nothing. For that, we can be thankful. ♦

MORNING AND AFTERNOON

One of the greatest pleasures that can come to the elderly is a visit from the young in years. Boys and girls who visit their community's old folks bring cheer and lively good fun, and as you see from the pictures on this page, it freshens up the world again for those who are visited.

New Orleans Times-Picayune photo



NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Miss Louise Guyol gave Lusher School council a bubble party as a thank-you for their many remembrances to her.

Forde photo



SEATTLE, WASH. — Twins from Southgate Elementary School have living May baskets for 98-year-old man at Northwest Danish Home.



Children sing and play a musical greeting for the Christmas train.

THE CHRISTMAS TRAIN

Many, many people worked hard last summer and fall to give boys and girls in the Chilean earthquake region a happy Christmas. The gifts that all these people—American boys and girls included—made for their Chilean friends were loaded on a gaily painted train just before Christmas. The train moved from town to town in the earthquake area, touching off celebrations at every stop as the gifts were distributed. Here are some of the scenes from the train's journey and several letters that Chilean children wrote to their Junior Red Cross friends in the United States.

Junior Red Cross of the United States:

We are a group of girls of the 5th year primary of school No. 30 of Chiguayante, who with all affection, love and respect wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and at the same time we thank you with all our hearts for the gifts we have received. We

are so happy because we didn't expect them and to have a lovely Christmas like no other before. Many thanks to the Junior Red Cross of the United States. . . .

—Norma San Martin Gonzales, Maria Angelica Matus, Rosa Aria, Flor Torre, Humilde Carrasco

To the Junior Red Cross of the USA:

Sincerest thanks to the Junior Red Cross in the name of the parents and students of this school which has received Christmas gifts from the Junior Red Cross. We are grateful for your spiritual and material brotherhood, to your country, the government and the people. . . .

—Ena G. de Quezada, Director, San Jose School
No. 25

Junior Red Cross of the United States:

I greet you from Chile, Concepcion Province. . . . and thank you for the much appreciated gifts. My name is Jose Fernandez. I

am 10 years old and a member of the V Year A of School No. 29, Manuel Bulnes. I passed to the VI year with a general mark of 5. (In Chile, students are graded by numbers. 5 is the highest grade and is given for superior work. *Editor.*) There are three of us children, two older sisters and I.

Because of the earthquake . . . we don't have any school buildings and have to go to another school very far from my house. . . . My father is going through a bad time financially as a result of the disaster and I would not have got any presents this year.

With greetings to all these noble and generous hearts. . . .

—Jose Fernandez Ortiz



The train arrives in Arauco in a coal-mining region.



The Christmas train sported decorated railway cars.



Children dance the "cueca" in Quino in celebration.



Village children with gifts; some are eating the toothpaste because it tasted a great deal like chewing gum.



THE DOGS OF SAN SABA

By Odessa Davenport

"The Boys' Civic Club of San Saba will please come to order," Mark said. "And that means your dogs, too." He tried to speak as he thought a president should. The club had been organized not five minutes before, and the three other members, Lanny, George, and a boy they called Gloomy Gus—though his real name was Edward—looked at Mark seriously.

Each boy motioned his dog to lie down beside the apple crate that served him as a chair. Mark's dog, named Yipper, became silent and sat down on his master's foot.

The boys were assembled in their own club

house—a renovated tool shed in Mark's backyard. School was out. The four friends had a long California summer before them, and they were figuring how to spend it. The plan of forming a civic club such as their fathers belong to, which would work to improve the town without aiming at any personal advantage, struck them as a good idea.

"Anybody got any thoughts about what to do?" Mark asked.

"I have," said Lanny. "Let's earn money for a dog's drinking fountain to be put in the town square."

"How'd we ever earn enough money for



"Goodness!" Miss Farmlee said. "What are you doing here? And with your dogs!" she added.

that?" Gloomy Gus inquired scornfully. "Do you know how much one would cost?"

"No. But I bet you don't either. Anyway, we could try."

"No use," said Gloomy Gus, shaking his head.

"He's right, fellas," George agreed dejectedly. Then his face brightened. "But there's another way. You've all heard about Mr. Wellington, the man who owns the knitting factory just outside San Saba. He's going to have a fountain built in the town square."

"I know," Lanny nodded. "There was a drawing showing how it will look published

in the News yesterday. It's going to be lit up with colored lights at night. . . ."

"And besides sprays of water, it will have a drinking fountain for people—but none for dogs. I looked," Gloomy Gus said.

"I propose we ask Mr. Wellington to add a drinking fountain for dogs," said Lenny.

"Now that's a bum idea if I ever heard one," declared Gloomy Gus. "Do you think a rich, important man like Mr. Wellington will pay any attention to a bunch of kids?"

"Listen to him!" moaned George. "Boy, he never thinks *anything* will work!"

"My father says Mr. Wellington is a real friendly man," Lanny said. "Maybe if we talked to him—"

"Let's go!" Mark said.

"Aw, for crying out loud!" Gloomy Gus exclaimed. But he followed the other boys outside. All four dogs trailed after them, Yipper making high-pitched happy sounds as he trotted after Mark.

San Saba was a small town. The boys crossed the shady town square and walked two blocks east on Center Street. There they came to a new one-story brick and glass building that was the office of Mr. Wellington's knitting factory. Boys and dogs filed inside.

Miss Farmlee, the secretary, who had known the boys for years, looked up.

"Goodness, Mark!" she said. "And Lanny, George, Edward. What are you doing here? And with your dogs!" Yipper started making his usual racket. Miss Farmlee looked scandalized.

"We came to see Mr. Wellington," Mark answered. "We want to ask him"

"Oh, I'm afraid Mr. Wellington is much too busy to see you," Miss Farmlee said primly, her hands fluttering nervously.

Mr. Wellington opened his office door.

"What's going on out here, Miss Farmlee?" he demanded sternly. Then he saw his visitors and smiled. "Well, now, what can I do for you boys?" he inquired.

"Mr. Wellington," Mark began, "we're the Boys' Civic Club of San Saba. We came to ask you if you would add a drinking place for dogs to the fountain you are going to build in the town square."

Mr. Wellington stopped smiling. "I'm afraid that isn't possible," he said in a cold distant voice. "The plans for the fountain are all drawn up and work starts next week. Can't change it now. Anyway, dogs shouldn't run loose in the streets. They should be kept in their own back yards." He turned his back. "Miss Farmlee, those papers . . ."

The boys slunk out and the dogs followed, their heads hanging as if they felt as disappointed and embarrassed as their masters.

"Told you it wouldn't work," muttered Gloomy Gus. No one answered him.

Next afternoon the people of San Saba were startled by an advertisement that appeared in the News. It was not in the classified column, but in a box on the front page. It read:

STRAYED: Champion Prince Star Valido, dark red Irish setter. Answers to the name of Star. Return to H. C. Wellington. Liberal reward.

People shook their heads. A valuable dog like that! Not a chance that Mr. Wellington would ever see him again. Someone passing

through had probably picked him up. He was maybe a hundred miles away by now.

The following morning the four boys decided they would take a day-long hike across a low range of foot-hills into Oak Valley. They took their lunches and thermos bottles of water. The dogs were left at home. They would get sore feet from all that walking.

The day was hot. The boys reached their destination about 11 o'clock and lay down under an oak tree to rest. The trees were scattered green islands in a sea of golden grass.

Suddenly Mark sat up.

"Look!" he said in an excited whisper.

"Where? At what?" the other boys demanded.

Mark pointed to a distant tree. There, sharply outlined against the gold of the dried grass stood a red Irish setter.

"Could that be Star?" George asked wonderingly. This dog didn't look like a champion. The curly hair on his long ears was matted with burrs. His coat looked dull and rough.

Mark rose to his feet slowly, so as not to frighten the dog. But the animal began to slink away, his tail dragging.

"It is Mr. Wellington's dog. I'm sure of it!" Lanny said.

"So am I." Mark began to call coaxingly,

ILLUSTRATED BY PERC CROWELL

An Irish setter was sharply outlined against the dry grass.



"Here, Star! Here, boy!" The dog stopped, turned around. Mark kept calling the dog's name, holding out his hand invitingly.

Suddenly the dog ran to Mark, his little whines expressing relief at finding friends. The other boys gathered around. George looked at the dog's collar. There it was: Champion Prince Star Valido. Owner, H. C. Wellington.

"It's like people said," Lanny spoke slowly. "Somebody picked him up. Then he managed to get away. From the way he looks, he's been roaming around a long time."

"He must be thirsty," Mark said. Lanny ran to get a small kettle from his Boy Scout kit. George uncorked his thermos bottle and poured water into it. Star drank in great gulping laps of his red tongue. . . .

It took them longer to reach home than it had to come. Star was tired and his feet were sore from so much walking. At last they reached San Saba. As they passed along the village street toward Mr. Wellington's office, Mark's dog, Yipper, and the dogs belonging to Lanny, George and Gloomy Gus joined them. When they reached the brick and glass office building on Center Street, Mark opened the door and walked in, his hand on Champion Prince Star Valido's collar. His three friends and the four other dogs crowded in behind him.

Miss Farmlee looked up. "Now you boys . . ." she began disapprovingly. Then she saw Star and gave a small scream.

"Mr. Wellington!" she cried. "Here's Star! Oh, my, my . . ."

Mr. Wellington came out of his office, stopped, then smiled broadly. "Miss Farmlee," he said, "telephone the trainer, Jake Schultz, to come get Star. Now I want to talk to these boys."

Mr. Wellington took the boys and dogs into his office and shut the door. Mark told how and where they had found Star. Mr. Wellington explained how Star had become lost. He

had slipped out of his yard when the trainer had left the gate ajar and turned his back for a moment.

At last Mr. Wellington pushed himself back from his desk.

"Well, boys," he said, smiling. "What about the reward I offered for the return of Star? What would each of you boys like? The finest electric train money can buy? A bicycle with all the latest gadgets? Or maybe you'd rather . . ."

"But we can't take a reward," Mark said. "We're the Boys' Civic Club of San Saba. If we take a reward for anything we do, we wouldn't be a civic club any longer."

"Hm-m-m," said Mr. Wellington. "You have a point there. Very well. No reward." He was silent for a moment, thinking. Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind.

"Tell you what I've decided to do," he said. "Here." He motioned them to come closer to the desk. Opening a drawer, he took out a large roll of paper and spread it flat so they could all see it.

"This," he said, "is the architect's drawing of the fountain I am giving to San Saba. Now look." He picked up a pencil, drew a few quick lines near the base of the structure. On the margin he wrote: "Add dog's drinking fountain where indicated. Put following inscription immediately above, 'To the dogs of San Saba, from their friend Star.'" Then he scrawled his initials, H.C.W.

"Gee, Mr. Wellington!" Mark exclaimed. "Thanks a million! That's the very finest thing you—and Star—could do!"

The boys and their dogs filed out past a still startled-looking Miss Farmlee. On the sidewalk, Mark turned to Gloomy Gus.

"Well, what's the sad word from you?" he asked.

"None. None at all," the boy said, grinning from ear to ear. "And don't call me Gloomy Gus. From now on, I'll believe *anything* can happen if you start working for it. . . ." ♦

ARITHMETIC QUIZ

By Richard Piglowski
St. Vincent School
Normandy, Mo.

| | | | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|---|---|---|
| 6 | | 1 | | 3 | = | 2 |
| | | | | | | |
| 2 | | 4 | | 4 | = | 2 |
| | | | | | | |
| 3 | | 2 | | 6 | = | 1 |
| = | | = | | = | | = |
| 4 | | 3 | | 2 | = | 5 |

Put the missing signs where they will fit to solve the problems reading across the square and down the square.

\times \div $-$ $+$

Solution is on Page 12.

HARTFORD, CONN.—Last spring, Hartford Police Lt. David Deming and Junior Red Cross Director Louise Druffner jointly presented safety merit certificates and badges to New Park Avenue School students Verne

Patry, who is the school's safety patrol captain, and Steven Riccardi, the school's Junior Red Cross representative. They and students from 9 other Hartford schools were honored for contributions to school and student safety.



**Safety
Award**

O MAR AWOKE WITH A START. This was the day! This morning he was taking his donkey, Abda, to the hotel. There, he would join the other Arab boys who gathered each day to offer their donkeys for hire.

It hadn't been easy. He'd worked for a year just to buy Abda. He'd climbed endless palm trees, picking dates. He'd carried water for the camel caravans, until his back ached. He'd picked cotton in the hot sun, and at last Abda was his.

There had been more. Abda's hair had to be clipped in fancy patterns like the other donkeys. He had to wear a red and gold saddlecloth and a necklace of beads and gilt coins around his neck and a fancy bridle. Otherwise, people would choose another donkey, and Omar knew there would be no jingling coins in his pocket at nightfall.

Hurriedly, Omar began to dress. From the next room, he heard men's voices. One of his father's camel driver friends, back from a desert trip, was giving him money to help support the family. His father had been a

camel driver himself, until a year ago, when he had been kicked by a camel while helping a friend. The ugly beast had shifted the load he carried until it had to be repacked.

As usual, his father was protesting about taking the money. And as usual, the camel driver was telling a story of how "the Friendly One" had helped him through a sand storm, or captured a runaway camel, or . . . Omar had heard their stories a hundred times.

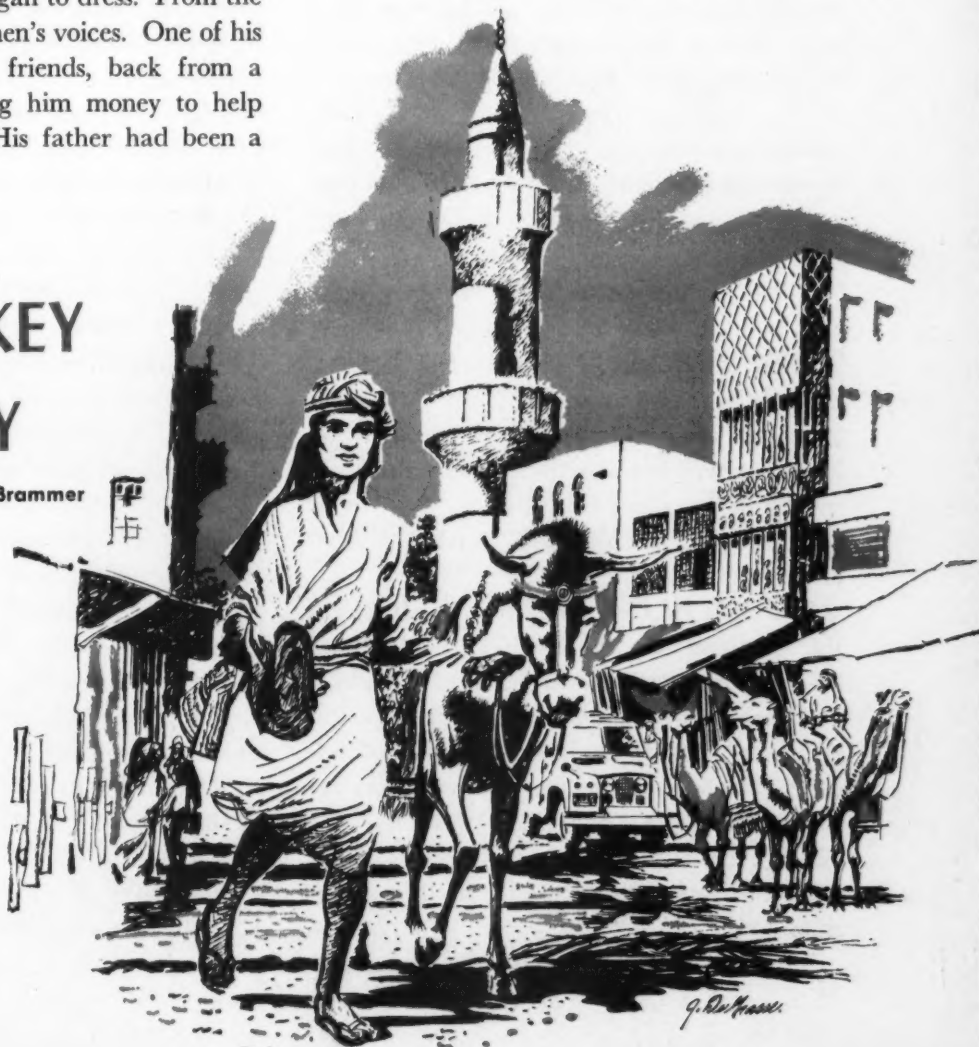
Well, that was all over. Today he, Omar, would become the man of the house bringing home the money to support his mother and father, and himself.

Half an hour later, Omar tossed the red and gold fringed saddlecloth over Abda's back, while his father watched from his chair in the doorway.

"With this new saddlecloth, all the tourists

DONKEY BOY

By Lovella K. Brammer



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN DeGRASSE

will want to ride on Abda," Omar said, patting and pulling it into place. He stood off and surveyed Abda's fancy, shining coat. He'll be the finest donkey there," he added.

His father shook his head. "That will not make you a good donkey boy, my son. It takes more than that."

"Oh, I have a loud voice, too," said Omar. "Just listen to me." He took a deep breath. "FINE DONKEY! FINE R-I-D-E!"

His father pretended to hold his ears. "I'm sure the tourists will know you're there," he agreed.

"Then I shall have a pocket full of coins for you when I return," Omar said confidently as he led Abda away.

As they approached the main street, the noise increased. There were honking automobiles, groaning camels, and braying donkeys. Ahead, Omar could see the flag atop the hotel, and he gently urged Abda on.

There were perhaps a dozen donkey boys on the lower terrace. They surveyed both Omar and his donkey closely. But when two of the boys moved over to make room for them, Omar knew they were being accepted.

"That's a fine saddlecloth," one of the boys said admiringly.

"Yes," said Omar. "My father helped me make it."

At that moment, a man came through the hotel doorway onto the terrace and the boys sprang to attention.

"FINE DONKEY! FINE R-I-D-E!" they cried, each in his loudest voice.

The man stopped while his eyes traveled the length of the line until he spied Abda. "You have a good-looking donkey," he said.

"Thank you," said Omar proudly.

It was going to be just as easy as he had expected. By evening, his pockets would be filled with jingling coins.

The man placed his long legs over Abda's back and gave Omar the address of a small shop.

But as they started off, Omar saw another new boy and his donkey approaching the line. He'll never make it, thought Omar, as he took in the donkey's matted coat, the worn bridle, and the piece of old blanket he was wearing for a saddlecloth.

It was only a short trip, and Omar waited outside while the rider made his purchase. But all the time, Omar was thinking about the new boy. Why would a boy come with such a poor donkey and expect people to pay to ride him?

Back at the hotel, the man handed him a coin and Omar walked toward the new boy at the end of the line. No one had moved over to make room for him.

Another man came through the doorway but Omar made no move to take up the chant of "FINE DONKEY! FINE R-I-D-E!" He knew what he must do.

"I am Omar," he said to the boy. "What's your name?"

The boy's dark, sullen eyes traveled slowly over Abda's fancy clipped coat, his shining bridle, and the red and gold saddlecloth.

Finally, he said, "My name is Abou and I see I shouldn't have come . . . but I had to."

"We are all here to earn money," Omar said.

"It took money to buy what you have there, besides your donkey," said the boy reproachfully. "I have no money for such things—I am alone. I have no one."

Omar remembered the camel drivers who had come with money to support them while he was earning money to buy Abda. He remembered how his father had helped him fashion the red and gold saddlecloth, and the driver who had shown him how to clip Abda's hair in fancy patterns.

"You have me," Omar said, looking at Abda. "I will help you. Tonight I will take you home with me. There, my father and his camel driver friends will help you, too. I know, because they helped me." ♦



Omar turned and laid his arm across his new friend's shoulders.

The boy looked at him in disbelief. "But why?" he asked, puzzled.

"It would take too long to explain," said Omar. "Right now, we must find a way for you to earn some money. I would let you take Abda, but I'm afraid he wouldn't obey you. But we can take turns using his saddlecloth and bridle."

Omar began to remove Abda's saddlecloth. The poor beast seemed puzzled at the turn of events, but Omar, without knowing why, felt even happier than he had that morning.

By the time the next rider appeared, Abou's donkey was ready. He didn't look like Abda, but there was a great improvement.

"You know what to say, don't you?" said Omar.

Abou nodded and along with the rest of the boys sang out, "FINE DONKEY! FINE R-I-D-E!" His voice was strong and musical.

"He'll do all right," thought Omar.

The man beckoned to Abou who stepped forward with his donkey. "To the Tombs," the man said.

"That will take all afternoon!" thought Omar in dismay. "But it will pay well."

Abou looked at Omar questioningly, but Omar raised his hand and waved him on.

There was nothing for Omar to do but wait. As he munched some dates, he wondered what he should tell his father. He had promised him a pocket full of coins. He'd be

lucky to get in one more ride before dusk.

One of the boys who had been watching him walked over and said, "We saw what you did for the new boy, and we are ashamed."

Omar laughed in embarrassment. "You need not be," he said. "I was only doing what I had to. But do not think I'm soft. You will see. Tomorrow, I will earn my share when I get started."

As Omar had expected, by the time Abou returned, he was able to make only one more short trip so that when they reached home, Omar had only two coins in his pocket while Abou had five. Abou had offered his coins to him, but Omar refused to take them.

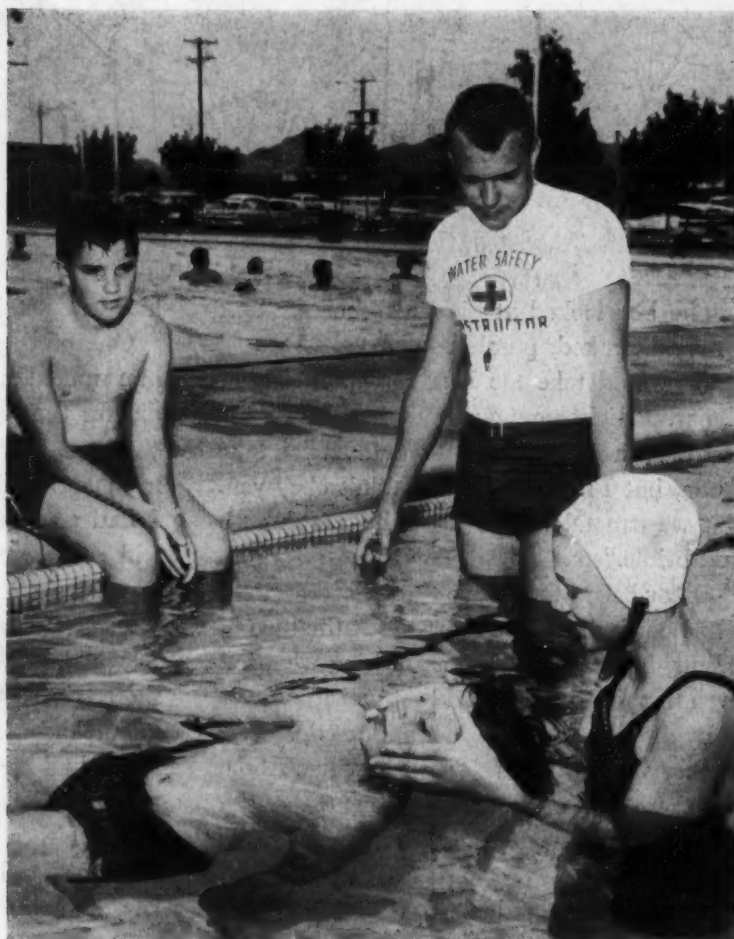
His father was waiting for them by the door. When he saw Abou and his poor donkey, he smiled and nodded knowingly.

Omar tried to explain about Abou and how he had promised the boy they would help him but his father raised his hand.

"You need not explain, my son. I'm proud of you. You remember this morning I said Abda could not make you a good donkey boy. I see I need not have worried. You have found the answer yourself. Only the friendliness in your own heart can make you a good donkey boy."

Omar turned and laid his arm across his new friend's shoulders. "Now we'll get to work and help you to be a good donkey boy, too," he said.

**BE A SAFE
SWIMMER
•
TAKE TIME
TO LEARN**



Arizona Republic-Phoenix Gazette photo

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Junior Red Cross and Safety Services of the Maricopa Co. Chapter jointly sponsored a junior lifesaving course, and 862 students from 25 schools signed up. Instructor Al Lussier here shows lifesaving techniques to (left to right) Tim O'Malley and Tim Allen of St. Francis School and Karen Perry of Monte Vista School.

8.